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Three Little Lovers of Nature.....

BY 

ELLA REEVE WARE



Records the doings of three happy children, who found pleasure for a whole year in searching for knowledge in "Mother Nature's Garden of Secrets."

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Hints are given of the good that may be done unto other children thoughtful and will

The general trend of little book is to elevate make more noble the child

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In a group picture are given the portraits of the "three little lovers of nature."

As a supplementary reader, this book may be used in Fourth Grade.

103 Pages. PRICE, in Cloth Binding, 35c.; in Paper, 25c.

A. FLANAGAN,

262 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

VICTOR IN BUZZLAND.

A NATURE FAIRY STORY

— BY —

MRS. A. F. BELL

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THE BROWN JACKET FAIRIES.

Victor had been thinking fully five minutes when he exclaimed: "I wish I were a fairy, so that I could go everywhere." He sat down between the spreading roots of an oak that grew upon the lawn, beside the lake, and looked at a rose blooming between him and the water. The rose was trembling, although there was no wind, and while Victor looked something came out of the flower and flew toward him. He was frightened and started to run to the meadow, but turned back at the sight of another object flying from that direction.

Across the water, on flashing wings, came two other creatures, and, at the same moment, a fifth one hastened toward him from the open door of his father's house. Quite bewildered, Victor sank down again and covered his eyes. Then all these creatures and others that he had not noticed, flew around him and gently hummed: "We are fairies."

Victor raised his head and said, "Queer looking fairies, I should say!"

The little fellows ceased singing and started to fly away.

“Oh, come back, come back, please!” Victor called, “I only meant that I had never seen any fairies like you!”

“Ah, one of them said as they returned, “Why do you wish to be a fairy?”

“That I might go everywhere, even to the moon!”

“Ha, ha,” laughed the fairies, and they flew round and round, as though mad, then started away again.

But Victor called: “Don’t go, I really don’t care about the moon.”

“It is well you don’t, for we couldn’t help you get there. We can show you stranger things here than you’d find on the moon, however.”

“Let me see them!” Victor returned, doubtfully.

“Look, then!” called a voice, so quick and sharp that Victor jumped. For there, right over his head clinging to a very fine cord, hung a fairy about as large as a gooseberry.

When he saw Victor watching, he turned around and ran up the cord, hand over hand, as

a monkey would, only very much faster, until he was lost among the branches.

"I can show you something stranger than that," said another fairy, who, on account of his brown velvet jacket, with gold lacings, was called Brown Jacket.

"And I, and I, and I," called the others.

"I spoke first," said Brown Jacket. At this the rest of the fairies disappeared. Victor looked disappointed.

"You shall meet them again, if you like," Brown Jacket explained. "And now are you ready to go with me? But wait a moment."

With that he disappeared into a flower, the interior of which was lined with gold dust. He rolled about in it, until quite covered with the precious stuff. He stayed so long that Victor thought he was forgotten and shook the flower until Brown Jacket came out with an angry buzz, to ask what he meant.

"Why did you stay so long," asked Victor?"

"So that I could get all the gold dust and honey out of the flower." While he talked, Brown Jacket gathered the gold dust from his

clothes and stuffed it into tiny bags, made for that purpose and attached to his legs.

At last he said: "I am ready to go now, are you?"

"Where?"

"To my home. Don't you wish to go too?"

"Oh, yes, I am ready!"

"I forgot, you can't go that way!"

"Why?"

"In the first place, you are too large to travel with me; then the guards in our house will not allow you to enter unless you look exactly like me."

"How can I look like you!"

"I will show you. Eat some of this food."

And when he had eaten what Brown Jacket gave him, he suddenly became so small that an inch would be tall beside him. Of course he was brown; brown as a chestnut, and had two great knobs of eyes, and a pair of horns upon his head. As for legs, he had six of them, and four of the dantiest little wings that you can imagine. He was armed, too, with a tiny sharp sword, no longer than the prickle of a thistle.

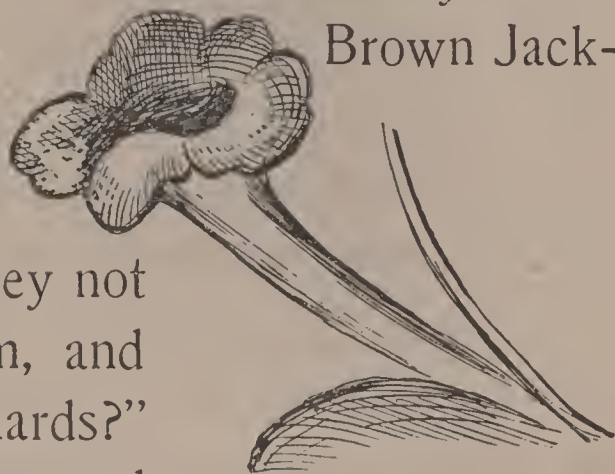
"You may as well carry home some honey with you," Brown Jacket said.

"Honey, you know, is delicious, and when you dive into the deep wells of a honey suckle for it, or cling to a pink faced anemone, in a spring breeze, then it is far sweeter." At least so Victor thought, as with his long tongue he drew the honey, still tasting of the flowers, from their deepest recesses.



"The guards will never suspect not one of us," et said as they flew homeward.

at the door that you are Brown Jack-



"Why should they not know just who I am, and why do you have guards?"

"Because," answered Brown Jacket, "If you are not like us, they will not allow you to enter, for they will think you are one of the robbers who sometimes get in and steal our treasure. I will show you what becomes of them."

When they reached Brown Jacket's home, Victor was surprised to find that it was nothing but a dark box.

“You have quite a family,” he said as he looked around.

“Yes, there are twenty thousand of us, besides the queen and her body guard of two thousand picked men.”

“Dear me!” Victor exclaimed, as he tumbled against a big round object. “You must find it very awkward to have such large stones in your home.”

“That is not a stone, although it is a monument to one of the robbers that I was telling you about. In fact it’s the robber himself, turned into his own tombstone.”

“He was a snail once, and went creeping about carrying his house on his back. A fellow may hide in his own house, but if he can’t hide the house, what good does it do him?”

Victor shook his head as much as to say, “No good.”

“Well, he managed to creep in here when the guards were sleepy. It was not long before some one saw him creeping toward our golden treasure, and in a twinkling drew his sword and stabbed him.” That made Mr. Snail draw back into his shell pretty quickly. “There are no

windows in his house, and only one door, which Mr. Snail always leaves closed, so that no one else can enter."

"Well, as we could not get to him, a number of us gathered resin from the near buds of bushes. This we changed into wax on the journey home, and with it we sealed up Mr. Snail's house, and glued him to the floor, where he makes a charming ornament, don't you think so?"

"And pray, what is this fellow doing?" Victor asked.

"Only carrying out the body of another robber. He is too small for bric-a-brac, but it would not do to leave the body in our home to taint the air. It is to keep *that* pure, that we carry out the small bodies, and bury the big ones in wax."

While they were talking, Victor and his companion climbed to the top story of the house.

"We have just moved into this house, and these workers are filling up the crevices to make the place air tight."

At that moment Victor saw what he thought was a swing hanging from the roof, and without asking permission, jumped into it, and began to swing lightly to and fro. There was a loud

murmur, which Victor thought rather curious, but before he could find out what it meant, the swing broke, and he dropped to the floor.

He was much alarmed, and grew more so, when his guide said, "Another such rash move will cost you your life; now, unless you do as I tell you—well, I won't say what *will* happen!"

Victor said nothing, but decided to investigate the swing himself. He was surprised to find that it was not made of grass, but of the fairies themselves, each little fellow clinging to the feet of the one before him.

"O!" cried Victor to them—for the swing was now repaired—"let me do that too!"

"No, you have honey about you. Don't you see that we are getting the wax ready to build the cells where we keep the golden treasure?"

"It looks very queer, it looks very queer to me," drawled out another fairy, "when anybody in this house stands around with nothing to do."

With these words he left his place in the swing and flew towards Victor, who saw that he was weighed down with broad bands of wax.

He was frightened again, but remembering

just in time what he had brought from the flowers, he asked briskly, "where shall I put my load?"

"Follow me," the fairy returned, going to the top of the house, where he removed the wax and fastened it to the ceiling.

The rest of the curious swing followed his example, and then away they all flew into the open air.

Then other fairies, with their sharp teeth and their heads, formed the wax into little six sided cups. When the cups were finished, they beckoned for Victor, and those who had just returned from the white clover fields, to fill them with honey. When each cup was full, they sealed it with a thin cover, that made Victor think of his mother's jam pots.

"Here are ever so many cups with nothing in them. I stuck my head into every one of them," Victor said to Brown Jacket.

"You will lose that head the first thing you know. This is the royal nursery. If our queen should see you in it, you will be treated as the snail and slug were."

"Then let us leave now!"

No, if you only WILL obey me, I will show you the rest of our secrets."

Victor promised to do as he was bidden.

"I will tell you for what those empty cups are used. The queen will soon put an egg not much larger than a poppy seed into each of them. From these will come little white creatures that must be fed with golden food, such as I gave you, until they become fairies like us."

At that moment there was a loud noise, and Victor cried, "O look at the light! What does that mean?" Brown Jacket went to see.

"Some meddlesome man has opened our house to see if we are at work. Oh! Oh! he has moved the box in which the queen is!"

The two ran to help her, but all too late; her royal highness was crushed to death.

"The queen is dead;
Long live the queen!"

shouted they all, running hither and thither, not knowing what to do.

One proposed one thing, another something else, until, at last, one wise fairy gathered them all around him and said:

"When the queen is killed, we fairies must

have another one, or in course of time, we shall all die; and then there will be no one to keep up our home—" "But if the queen is *dead*, what can you do?" interrupted Victor.

"If there is no young princess in the royal nursery to take her mother's place, we must find a young worker, less than three days old. We must enlarge this child's cradle, and feed it with food such as only princesses eat, so that when it finally steps out of its cradle it will be our queen, instead of a little plebian like us."

"But there are neither princesses nor little workers in the cradles, for I put my head into the nursery not ten minutes ago," Victor said.

There is nothing to do then, but to live the rest of our lives without a queen.

The fairies all seemed so sad after these words were spoken, that Victor whispered to Brown Jacket that he thought he should leave and go to some place where there was a queen and her court, and the fairies were happier.

"Very well," said Brown Jacket. "Our neighbors next door are about to separate their family, it is too large for their present home, and some must go. I will go as far as their door with you."

THE COURT OF THE BROWN JACKETS.

Victor and his friend found themselves once more in the open air. Flying to the door of the next house, they peeped in.

There were no guards at the door, or of course these two strangers could not have entered. As it was, they boldly walked in.

What they saw made Victor open wide his eyes.

The little brown fairies there were not at work, and the queen was rushing angrily about, tapping at the door of the room where her own daughter, the princess, was cradled, and about to come forth to claim her mother's throne. She was only kept from breaking into the room and killing her, by the nurses.

The workers no longer waited upon her, nor fed her with honey. They struck her with their heads, jumped upon her back and made her carry them around. Soon every fairy in the house was excited, and those who came in from the fields forgot to unload their honey and gold dust.

Finding that she could rule there no longer, the queen rushed out of doors, and was instant-

ly followed by an army of workers. Victor found himself flying with them, until one fastened upon the branch of a tree, where he hung by his tiny arms, and was soon joined by the others. There they swung all together, in a great buzzing, brown ball.

Then Victor saw a strange sight—his own father with a queerly shaped box in his hand. He shook the branch, and the whole cluster tumbled into the box, Victor amongst them.



The box was then turned right side up, and the fairies went to work lining their new home, and making many tiny rooms.

Presently Victor heard an angry buzzing, and glancing about, saw the others advancing toward him with their drawn swords.

“They have found me out,” he said to himself, “and I shall have to flee for my life.” With that he hastened to the door and flew away.

As he was passing the home which he had left with the dissatisfied queen, he spied his old friend Brown Jacket just inside the door, waiting for him, so he slipped in again.

“Well, what is the matter now?” he asked, for there was the new queen rushing about and crying, “I will kill her, I will kill her, I will have no rival!”

“I shall have to explain matters a little,” his friend replied. “Every Brown Jacket Princess that is born, must become a queen or perish. When the first princess came out of her cradle, the old queen left, and you know that she now has another kingdom. Her daughter reigned as queen for three days, then her sister being ready to emerge from her cradle, gathered together as many followers as she could, and went away, and the second princess reigned in her stead.

“Now the third sister is ready to leave her cradle, and the day being too cloudy for the queen to go out, there will be a quarrel between the two.”

Just then the young princess came in sight. With an angry buzz, the queen flew at her sis-

ter, and in an instant they were locked in each others arms, fighting and biting, and every moment threatening to stab each other with their



daggers. They advanced, and retreated, till at last the unfortunate princess was forced to the ground. The queen jumping upon her, seized her by the wing and ran her sword through her, killing her instantly.

With a buzz of triumph, the victorious queen ran to the rooms containing the rest of the princesses. She tore a hole in the thin walls that separated her from them, and killed each of them.

The workers were so heartless as not to stop her, but carried out their bodies, one by one. The queen then went about her royal duties as if nothing had happened.

"I'd like a *young* body guard," she said, looking around at the one which stood meekly about her. "Kill off these old ones."

At the word of command the workers drew their swords, and fell upon the poor guards, who, being unarmed, were soon destroyed.

"Well," said Victor to his friend, "I don't see how such cruel fairies can be of use to men."

"Come with me and I will show you, and you will find that we are no more cruel than some of your own people."

Victor followed Brown Jacket to the store rooms in the top of the home.

"Do you see that store of sweets, and do you know what will become of it?" he asked. "As soon as these rooms are filled with it, some of your kind friends, perhaps your own father, will take it away from its owners, leaving just enough to keep them alive during the winter. When you are eating it upon your bread and butter, think of me."

“Why should we not take it, if they have more than they need?” Victor asked.

“You are robbers,” Brown Jacket said angrily.

“So are you; you steal from the flowers!”

“You would not have near so many flowers if we did not go from one to another, robbing them,” the fairy said laughing, for he was quite good natured again. “But my cousins can tell you about that. You will find one of the family in yonder hollyhock.”

“Thank you, I am going to look for him,” said Victor, starting off in the direction in which his friend was pointing.

THE YELLOW PLUSH FAIRIES.

Still thinking of what had been told him, Victor carefully brushed his wings with his feet, and flew away to a tall hollyhock. He had forgotten the directions given him, and had to search a long time before he found, hidden in the deep heart of a creamy flower, a lovely fairy, dressed in yellow plush.

“Oh!” said Victor, drawing back and resting upon the edge of the hollyhock, “Mr. Brown Jacket told me I should find his cousin here, but I suppose *you* are his footman.”

“What! What!! What!!!” exclaimed the fairy, and began such a buzzing that Victor almost tumbled to the ground with fright. “You need not think that because I wear yellow plush, and am called humble, that I am anybody’s footman. I am sure that I dress much finer than my cousin, in his old brown velvet.”

“Then you *are* his cousin? Victor interrupted.

“I suppose so,” the fairy answered, “but I am not proud of it. He’s the first of our family who ever worked for anybody, and gave up his

freedom to be a slave. The rest of us live in our own beautiful homes, some in the trees, some in the green grass or in mossy hillocks, where we build to suit ourselves. *Now I,*" waving his hand, "am a moss fairy, and live in a moss house."

"Oh! won't you take me there?"

"Yes, in the morning. Its late now, and I am sleepy, and shall stay right here until tomorrow morning."

"And what will your mother say to you if you stay out all night?"

"She won't care, she is used to it. We sleep in the flowers when we are too far away to go home. By the way, you had better get into a suit like mine."

"How can I?" Victor asked eagerly.

"Tr-r-r-ry," answered the fairy drowsily, as he crept still deeper into the flower and instantly fell asleep.

Victor too fell asleep, and when daylight came he found himself dressed exactly like his friend.

"Come," said the latter. "Let us go home with our honey."

“What a curious noise our wings make,” Victor said as they flew along.

“It is on account of this humming we are called Humble or Bumble, not because we are anybody’s servants. But you are wrong in supposing that the noise is made by our wings. Wise people say that the wings have but little to do with it, but that it is made by the vibrations of a little membrane at the end of the air vessels on our bodies. In fact, they are fairy drums that we play,” answered Yellow-Plush, for that was the name of Victor’s new friend.

Victor expressed no surprise at this queer story, but instead began to weep.

“What are you crying about?” Yellow Plush asked in surprise.

“I’m hungry,” said Victor, “please give me some breakfast.”

“I can not,” said the fairy, “I must take what I have home for a rainy day. Why did you not get some in the hollyhock?”

“I wasn’t hungry then.”

“Well, here we are in the midst of a clover field, and there is enough food here for a million fairies.”

Victor flew from one clover top to another, drawing the honey from the deep, purple cups with his long tongue.

“I had a delicious breakfast,” he said, as they started off, “but I dusted some of the flowers



sadly, and scarcely know how it happened.”

“I can tell you how, for I’ve often done it myself,” said the fairy. “You carried the dust on your body from one flower to another. That is part of our business. You have often seen your mother water her flowers. Well, just as the

water makes the plant grow, so the dust from one blossom makes the seeds grow in another. Were it not for us and our cousins, the clover would soon die out. But here we are at home. Hello! They're building a new house."

"That must be hard work."

"Oh, no; its like playing foot ball."

"Then let us stop and see them," Victor said.

One fairy was busy gathering moss. She tore each piece into little bits with her mouth, rolled them into a ball, which she threw under her body and kicked to another fairy, who in turn passed it to another. So the ball went on, until Victor, who had watched it, saw it seized, and made into a sort of felt mat. This they used as a roof to cover a little hollow in the ground, where the new house was being made.

"This is my home," said victor's guide, nudging him, and lifting a tiny moss cover, he showed him a home with small, round rooms.

"My mother built this house," he continued proudly, "and put food into the rooms for the children who occupy them. I'll let you look into them," and he opened the door. Victor peeped in.

“The child is spinning itself a silk dress!” he exclaimed.

“Here is one who has worn its silk dress fifteen days and its nurse is now taking it off.” Victor watched it, and was surprised to see a full grown fairy step out. What if we could wrap a little child in silk, and in fifteen days see it come out a full grown young man or woman!

“Would you like to see the eggs hatched?” asked his guide. “Come in and I will show you how it is done.”

With that he ducked his head under a small arch and disappeared.

“If you’re tired, sister, I’ll take your place. This last was said to a sister fairy who was sitting over some eggs.

“Yes, you may take my place until I get something to eat,” she replied.

With that, she stepped down, and Victor’s friend getting into her place, began to breathe very quickly.

“Why do you do that?” Victor asked.

“That I may increase the heat of my body, and so make the room warmer. You know that

hens' eggs must be kept warm or they will not hatch."

"How can you breathe so fast with your mouth shut?"

At this Victor's friend laughed so much that Victor was offended.

"There's nothing funny about that question. When I run and have to breath hard, I open my mouth."

"Ha! Ha!" continued the fairy, we folks don't breathe through our mouths and you should not," and he laughed all the more.

Victor stared.

"No, sir! If you will just look at the sides of my head and body you will find tiny holes there. From these run pipes, scarcely larger than a spider web, through my body. The air which passes through these is all I need to breathe. All fairies breathe as we do. Here comes our mother."

Victor was so much interested in watching the queen mother that he forgot to get out of her way. She stopped and looked at him sharply. "Are you one of us?" she asked.

Victor was about to answer "yes," but as that would not be strictly true, he said nothing.

“Are you one of us?” the mother repeated.

“I scarcely know what you mean,” Victor stammered.

“I mean that, although you appear to be exactly like my children, I may find, if I look closer, that your mouth is not shaped for building Yellow-Plush homes, and that you have no basket in which to carry bread to your children, but leave them in our house, and we, not being able to tell them from our own, are obliged to shelter and feed them.”

“I do not *think* that I am one of these creatures,” Victor returned.

“Until you are sure, you had better stay away from us,” and the mother drew her dagger so threateningly, that Victor, much frightened, ran to the door, spread his wings, and was soon beyond her reach.

THE UNDERGROUND FAIRIES.

“No one seems to want me,” said Victor sadly, when he had gone a long distance from Yellow-Plush’s home, and sat down to think about what he had seen.

“Nonsense!” exclaimed a tiny but very clear voice, that seemed to come from the ground.

Victor looked sharply around, but all he could see was a being so small that fifty like it could have been cradled in his mother’s gold thimble.

“Did you speak?” asked Victor in surprise.

“Yes; I said ‘nonsense!’ Don’t you know that all fairies have enemies who steal into their homes to live upon them? Even we, small as we are, sometimes have to go through life carrying the children of these lazy people upon our backs. Do you see that spot on mine now? It is an egg now, but it soon will become one of those beggar children who will make my life a burden.”

“I will brush it off!” Victor said, doing so.

“Thank you, thank you! What can I do to repay you?”

Victor studied a moment. "I should like to see where you live," he said.

"You are too big," the fairy answered, "You couldn't get into our home."

Victor pouted. "That's all I want," he returned. "Can you not make me like yourself, other fairies have done so."

The fairy still shook its head.

"I'll stab you," Victor cried, running toward it and drawing his dagger, for you must remember that he was yet a Yellow-Plush fairy.

But the little thing was too near its home to be caught, and darted into a tiny hole in the ground, which Victor thought must be a fairy cistern.

"Well, it is drowned at any rate!" Victor chuckled.

"No I'm not," came back in the same clear voice, and Victor thought he heard a titter.

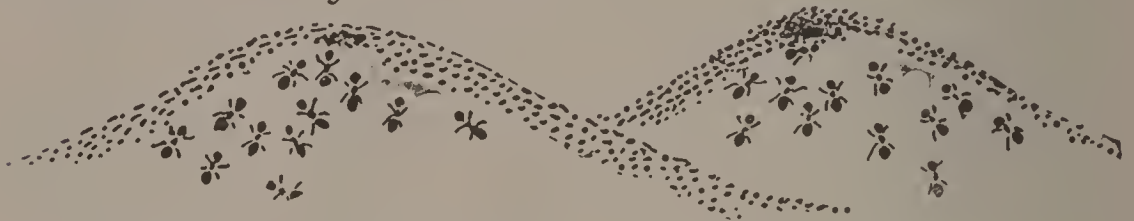
"Oh, come out and let us be friends!" he called back, curiosity getting the better of his anger.

So the fairy came up.

"You're the cleverest fairy I've seen yet," Victor said.

His friend was greatly pleased by this flattery. "I will make you one of us," it returned; "Follow me."

Victor did so, and as he clambered over the ring of sand that surrounded the door to the fairy's home, felt himself growing smaller and smaller, so that by the time the door was reached he passed through it as easily as his companion. Victor never knew how he was changed, nor would the fairy tell him.



"Why are your friends carrying those ant eggs into your house, do you eat them?"

"Ant eggs, indeed! Those are our babies. They are wrapped up in silk blankets until they are old enough to walk. Every morning their nurses carry them into the sun to warm them, as, of course, living in a cellar, they do not get much heat. Now, the sun is too warm and they are bringing them back. I, myself, have just been out for breakfast and found it in a lady's sugar bowl."

"You have," said another fairy, coming up

just then, "Please give me some. I've been so busy carrying the children around, I've not yet had anything to eat." With that, the two fairies put their mouths together, and Victor thought, kissed each other, but instead of kissing, one was feeding the other.

Now you must not suppose that these fairies talked as people do. No, they had a wonderful way of making their wants known. Each had upon its head two long pointed threads that looked like tiny twigs. When one wished to speak to another it touched its horns, as we shall call them, with its own, and told its thoughts as if by telegraph.

Victor soon learned this, and ran about asking all manner of questions, until his guide warned him that if he were not more careful he would get into trouble.

"You have forms very much like my friends, the Brown Jacket Fairies, although you are much smaller and have no wings," said Victor.

"Yes, we are related to that family. It is true, we are smaller, but you are wrong in saying that we have no wings. We workers are too busy to be flying about in the air, but our queen and

her male companions have large wings, with which they fly away. The males never come back. When the queen comes and settles down to house-keeping, she is too busy to be bothered with wings, and so she cuts them off. She never goes away again unless we move, when we carry her with us.

“Poor thing, never goes out of the house again!” exclaimed Victor.

“Oh, we do every thing to make her happy! We feed and bathe her, and she has ever so many servants. But what do you think of our house?”

“It is very strange,” Victor said, “and it must have been hard work to hollow out all these rooms.”

“It was,” answered the fairy. “This big room that you see, is the family sitting room. These halls lead to smaller rooms, in some of which we keep our children. In others—”

“Run! run!” here broke in a thousand excited voices. “Open the doors to the secret rooms, the enemy is upon us and we must hide our queen and little ones!”

Victor and his friend went to work with a

will, and soon opened doors to a hundred little rooms. In less time than it takes to tell, the rooms were filled with the children which the fairies had carried in. Then the doors were closed, and Victor, turning around, saw the house filled with strangers. These wretches, although near relations, picked up in their mouths all the innocent children who had not been hidden, and ran off with them.

“Come, let us try to save some of our babies,” cried Victor’s friend, snatching one from the enemy’s jaws. Instantly it was set upon by the foe, and torn limb from limb, before Victor’s very eyes.

Victor was heart sick, and rushing from the house, hid himself in the grass. From his hiding place he saw the army pass, carrying the children, still wrapped in their silken covers.

“I believe I’ll follow and see what is done with them,” Victor thought. So he followed at a safe distance, until he saw the fairies go into their home. Then he slipped in unseen, and found that it was like the home he had just left, and that some of the fairies in it were like the comrades he had lost.

“Well,” he said to one of them, “do you live here?”

“Certainly; I was brought here when a baby. Were not you?”

“No,” returned Victor, “Let me tell you a secret. I do not intend any harm, but I do not belong here. I come to see what is done with my friend’s little ones, who were stolen.”

“I can tell you in one word what they will become,” the fairy said in a frightful voice, and stooping down it hissed in Victor’s ear.

“Slaves!”

Victor drew back horrified. “Shall I be made a slave?” he cried.

“O, no! Only those who are brought here very young are made slaves. If they were older they would know their own homes, and would return to them. But tell me, did my master get many slaves?”

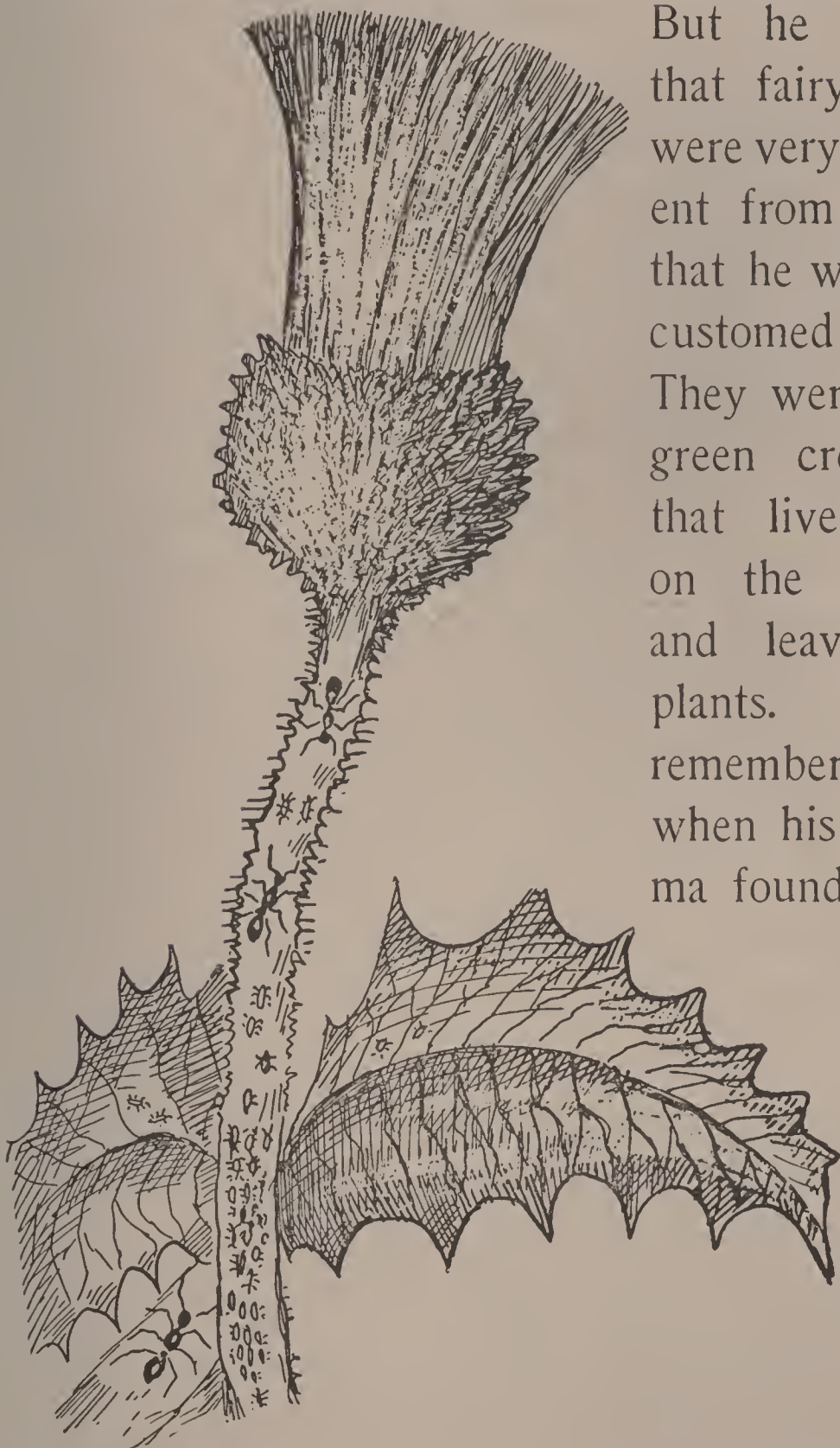
“Yes, a great many,” answered Victor.

“Well, I’m glad of that. There will be less work for me. Come along now and we will get some milk.”

Victor expressed some surprise that fairies had cows, and thought that a cow small enough

for them to milk, would be a wonder indeed.

But he found that fairy cows were very different from those that he was accustomed to see. They were tiny green creatures that lived upon the stems and leaves of plants. Victor remembered that when his mamma found them



upon her rose bushes she called them aphides.

The herd was pastured upon a thistle, and Victor thought if his father had that many cattle he would be very rich indeed.

Meanwhile the fairy had selected a fine fat cow. Going up to it with its horns or antennae, it tapped two little knobs on its back. This made it yield a drop of sweet liquor which Victor's companion greedily drank. It then went to another and "milked" it in the same way.

"Now we must build a fence to protect our cows or some other tribe will be here milking them, and carrying them away from us. We sometimes have great battles over a herd of cattle."

"There is one branch of our family that never comes from under the ground except to steal cows which they take to the bottom of their homes and keep on roots that grow there. The milk which they get from them is all that they ever have to eat."

"These fairies have lived away from the light so long that they have become a pale yellow instead of our healthy brown color."

While it was talking the slave had not been idle. Indeed, these fairies never are idle. With a great many others it carried small bits of earth,

and built a wall of earth. This was built around the thistle and had but one door which opened into their own home. As soon as it was done, Victor and the slave sat down to rest.

“Look, there is a fight, let us go!” said Victor.

“No, it is not a fight. My masters are only wrestling to amuse themselves.”

After watching them for some time Victor said, “I must be going. Good by, if I don’t see you again.”

With this he started off, and not heeding where he went, fell into a hole. Picking himself up, he said, “Here I am in the fairies home again; I beg pardon,” he added, seeing that it was a different family of fairies; “I’m going right out, but will you not tell me first, why you keep these blind beetles in the bottom of your home?”

“Yes, if you will tell me why people keep cats and dogs.”

“Why, for pets of course,”

“That is just why we keep blind beetles. We feed and caress them, and even let them ride upon our backs. We love them.”

Victor thanked the fairy, scrambled out, and sat down to think what he should do next.

PINAN' NEEDLE FAIRIES.

Victor rested a moment, then looked around.

He saw something sparkling not far away, and set out to investigate. It was a pool of water upon which the sun shone, through the green leaves above.

Victor thought it a lovely place and crept out upon a twig that he might obtain a better view. While he was gazing about him he lost his balance and fell into the water below.

"I'm drowning!" he cried. But at that moment the wind blew a tiny raft within his reach. He caught it, and by great effort drew himself upon it.

"I'm saved, but how shall I ever get to land again," he said, as he looked about and saw water upon all sides.

At that arose a chorus of voices.

"Who is talking?" he asked.

"We are!"

"I am!"

"Let me speak!" came back in as many different tones.

“Silence!” Victor cried out, “Silence!” and stamped his foot until the raft trembled, and he was afraid he should be again thrown into the water. When the raft stopped rocking, Victor looked around and saw that there was something in the water close beside the raft.

“Why, where did you come from?” he asked.

“Out of that shell.”

Victor looked where his companion pointed, and saw not only the empty shell, but that his raft was a collection of unbroken eggs all fastened together.

“How did you get out?” Victor asked.

“When you stamped your foot you broke my shell, and I crawled out.”

“Perhaps you can tell me how to reach the shore,” said Victor.

“There is only one way in which you can do that. You must crawl into the shell which I left and become one of us. After you stay there a while the shell will open, and you will find yourself swimming in the water.”

“Then I can swim to the shore,” Victor said.

“It will do you no good if you do, for you will have neither feet to walk upon, nor wings to fly

with, until you have been in the water two or three weeks, then you will be able to fly where you please."

"I'll drown before I'll go in an egg!" Victor said, tossing his head, but he came so near the edge of the raft that he again fell into the water.

Without another word his companions picked him up and crowded him into the empty shell.

Then Victor, although his body was crushed, pluckily cried out, "How long shall I have to stay in this dark hole?"

"Until you are strong enough to get out."

Victor was very angry at this answer, and beat his head against his prison walls until they burst. He then found himself in the water, with a thousand little creatures, some larger, some smaller than himself.

They were all swimming about, seeming to enjoy themselves, and Victor tried to join them. But he felt that he was smothering under water, and began to sink.

Three or four kind friends rushed to help him. Two seized his head and dragged it under water, while two others held up in the air a little tube at the end of his body, and soon Victor felt the

fresh air enter this tube, and pass through him.

“You will have to learn to do that for yourself,” one of the helpers said. “I must say that you are the most stupid creature that ever lived among us, or you would at least know how to breathe.”

“Where am I?” Victor asked, and what am I?”

You’re a wiggler,” giggled a companion, “But



if you live two or three weeks you will be a Pinan' Needle Fairy, and then for a good time!”

“Useful rather, I should say!” returned Victor. “Will there be much sewing to do?”

“Sewing! Who said anything about sewing? There are other uses for Pinan' Needles—” here the wiggler lowered his voice to a whisper; “Sometimes they prick the fingers of boys and girls.”

“Oh, what naughty folks you are! I have punished many of you for piercing my hands,

and if ever I do such a thing I hope I may be punished too," Victor said solemnly.

Victor now had a strangely shaped body. It was something like a worm. Along his sides and around his mouth were tufts of hair. At one end of his body were two little tubes, through one of which he breathed.

When he was hungry he would move the hairs about his mouth, and make the water flow into it. In the water he always found food enough for a good meal.

Victor had three suits of clothes while he was in the water, all just alike; but his fourth was very different from the others, and surprised him not a little.

When he got into it he looked much like a tadpole, only he was very, very small. His body was bent, and he had two horns on his back, which he thrust out of the water to get air.

One day he found himself upon the surface of the water. He bent his back, and in an instant the skin between his horns burst, and drawing back his head, he put it through this opening. Then he pulled his feet out, and then but

the end of his body remained in the old skin, which he now used for a boat.

Victor knew that if he touched water with his head or chest he would surely drown, for he had seen many of his newly born friends sink before they could try their wings.

But he stood firmly in his little boat, till at last, his feet were on the water. It bore him up until his wings were dried, when away he flew.



Soon he was joined by a fairy like himself, to whom Victor said "How queer we are; not a bit as we were in the water."

"No, our bodies are long, and round, and I think quite elegant. We have two big bright eyes, and you have bushy plumes upon your head."

"That is all true," said Victor, "But where are the pinan' needles you were talking about? I don't see any."

"They are in the tiny case on our heads, and are as sharp as swords. After we run the needle

into some little boy's skin, we pour a drop of poison into the wound, and then suck the blood."

When Victor heard this, he suddenly became bloodthirsty, and alighting upon an old man's hand attempted to open his pinan' needle case. He quite forgot that he hoped to be punished if he ever did so cruel an act as pricking anyone.

But for some reason, he was not able to pierce the skin, and while he sat thinking about it, his companion flew by and called out mockingly:

"I forgot to tell you that as you are a male Pinan' Needle Fairy you can't bite; it is only the females who can do that."

THE WINGED FLOWERS.

By this time Victor was homesick for his own playground, so away he flew toward home.

In crossing the fence he struck his wing on a picket, and tumbled into a honeysuckle near by. Attempting to fly again he found one wing broken, and sank to the ground in despair. As he lay there wondering what was to become of him, now that he could not fly, and his legs were too



delicate for much walking, he saw a long hairy creature coming over the ground toward him.

“I suppose you are a fairy, too,” Victor said, as the little fellow came nearer, “or would be if you were not so *very* ugly!”

“Ugly, am I? If you could see me a month hence you would be charmed by my beauty. You would run miles for the sake of making me your own. I am one of those gay creatures that flit about the fields, and look like flying flowers. I

gather perfume from the wild mint. I sip honey from the purple thistle, upon which my dainty feet find a safe foothold.

I flit, I fly, from flower to flower,
I dart from weed to mallow,
I lose myself in virgin's bowers,
I drink where streams run shallow.
I fly o're hill, I float o'er down,
O'er meadows green I zigzag,
And with my wings all gold and brown,
I fan me, on the blue flag."

Victor arose, and walking to him, ran his antennæ over the new friend.

"Well," he said at length, "I cannot feel any wings upon your body, nor see any, although these two shining balls upon my head contain hundreds of eyes, and I see everything near me. And if you call your feet dainty"—and Victor paused.

"It is true that I have no wings now, and that my feet are large and clumsy," said the hairy stranger patiently." But if you could live my life, and undergo its changes, you would find that all I've said about my future self is true."

"I am able to live your life," Victor interrupted, boastingly."

“There are many changes to be made, many trials to overcome before we become perfect—just as anything worth having or being is difficult of attaining,” continued the hairy creature.

“Well,” said Victor, “tell me how to make myself over, and I will go along with you, and become perfect too.”

“You cannot change yourself, but I will do it for you.”

So saying, he raised his horrid head (which looked to Victor as large as a lion’s) and waived it over him saying:

“Dragon, Dragon, may you be
Another fairy, just like me,
Of your body sections twelve,
I will make to spin and delve.
Half a dozen eyes I’ll make,
Half a dozen legs you’ll take.
For your breath the air must flow
Through many holes all in a row.
After while you will begin
With nature’s wheel to learn to spin.
In coming days you’ll eat and eat”—

“Good!” interrupted Victor, “I do so like to eat.” He was surprised at the sound of his own voice, which was now changed as completely as his body, by the magic of his companion’s words

He shuddered to see that he was like him.

As they started off, the new friend said, "Now to work! We must begin at once in order to get a good meal before bedtime."

"How much can you eat?" Victor asked.

"When I'm very hungry I can eat twice as much as I weigh."

"Oh! Look at that nest of spiders in the tree," exclaimed Victor.

"No, no; those are not spiders, but cousins of mine who live in apple trees. You will find us on almost every tree and plant that grows, sometimes one alone, and again in large companies."

By the time this speech was finished, Victor had climbed upon a bush, and was eating its tenderest leaves. His friend chose a different kind of plant.

For a long time they ate and ate, until Victor began to grow very dull, and cared for nothing more. He saw that his friend was growing pale and sickly. He began to have a queer feeling in his back, and turning his head, saw to his horror, that it was slowly splitting open, and that every movement he made, only increased the

rent. Victor felt his back puffing up out of this, and in a moment he drew himself out of his old skin, as a lady draws her hand out of her glove.

He was pleased to find himself in a new suit of clothes, and glancing at his friend he saw that he also was in new clothes. They lay quite still a while, resting. Then Victor remarked, "I hope we shall not have to do that often!"

We shall, though, several times. It is one of the greatest trials of our life.

At this point, a robin out for his breakfast, came hopping along. Spying Victor's friend, he flew up into the bush after him, but in the twinkling of an eye he lowered himself to the ground with a gossamer rope which he carried in his mouth, and escaped.

Victor had quickly hidden himself under a leaf, and this saved *his* life.

The disappointed robin then flew away, and Victor's friend called out, "Ha, Ha! No impudent robin will breakfast off me to-day!"

After changing their skins several times, they began again to feel dull, and Victor's companion said gravely, "we are now about to take a long rest. When it is over we shall be perfect. I see

that you have been enjoying a plant unlike the one which I have been eating. Therefore as fairies we shall be different. Go, now, nature herself will change you."

So, upon a convenient branch, Victor spun himself a silken web with the spinning wheel in his upper lip, and hung head downward in its meshes.

"Is your web woven," called his friend.

"Yes."

"Well, there you must remain for several hours, until you split open and get rid of your old skin. I must leave you now for my own time has come."

Victor found a long, hard task before him. He had to curve, twist, and wiggle before the skin even broke, and he was able to emerge, an entirely different form.

He had neither hands nor feet, but with two of the joints of his body he grasped his skin, and with a quick jerk pulled it off. And there he hung by the tip of his body, in a transparent shell, with the outlines of his future wings, head and feet well marked out. He could not move, but felt that he was growing within the shell.

Meanwhile, happening to glance at his friend, he concluded that the latter had stolen a march upon him; for instead of hanging in an uncomfortable position where he was blown about by every breeze, he had passed a cord as fine as a cobweb around his body, and fastened himself securely to a twig.



Having no mouth, Victor could ask no questions then, but later he learned that *he* belonged to a nobler family of fairies than his friend, and so had to undergo greater trials.

In these little homes our friends remained some weeks.

At last their prison walls burst, and the two now beautiful winged fairies, poised upon a flower, and sipped its honey.

Their drinking cups were long tubes that curled under their heads when not in use. Their bodies were covered with soft down, and their legs were slender and graceful. But nothing

could exceed in beauty the large, strong wings that bore them circling through the air. They were covered with the tiniest scales imaginable, of every color, that glittered like dew in the morning sun.

“Are you satisfied with what you have seen?” asked Victor’s friend, as they flitted hither and thither together. “Are we not happy and lovely creatures, and well called ‘Winged Flowers’? I must leave you now. I have a companion awaiting me in yonder meadow. But remember never to despise a humble creature; you know not what beauty lies hidden even in so ugly a one as you thought me to be.”

THE SILK FAIRIES.

When Victor's companion left him, he felt lonely, and flew away to perch upon the window sill of a house not far distant. The window was open, and he stood looking into the room.

Suddenly he wheeled around and exclaimed, "Why, it must be raining!"

But no, the sky was cloudless.

Turning about again, he looked into the room, and found that the noise he heard was not rain, but was made by thousands of little worms eating leaves. He flew into the room.

"What are you doing?" he asked one of the feeders.

"We are eating."

"So I see, but why are you so greedy about it? You eat as if you never had anything before."

"We can't work until we are large and strong, and we can't grow large and strong unless we eat."

"Oh, pshaw! what work can you do?"

"We can make silk for people to wear."

“Well, here are more creatures who work for people,” Victor thought, but he only said, “I wish you would show me how you make silk. What do you have to do?”

“We go through the same changes that you did when you became what you are now—but come here.”



Victor moved nearer, and putting his ear down, listened to an odd pricking inside a little ball which he saw. In a moment the shell burst, and a baby worm, covered with black hair, crept out.

“That’s the way we begin life,” continued the worm. “But you had better join us.”

“No thank you,” Victor answered; “I couldn’t think of it. I have just begun to enjoy life, and don’t care to make any more of the disagreeable changes I have made. But if you will kindly tell me all about yourself, I’ll take it as a great favor.”

“I will,” said his new friend. “Where shall I begin?”

“Tell me first how you happen to be living in a house. I thought that fairies usually lived in beautiful places in green woods.”

“Not always. We live in houses because people learned hundreds of years ago that we are very useful. In China, the emperor himself adopted us into his family, and the empress reared us with her royal hands. In return we spun for her gorgeous silks, with which she clothed her family.

The French found out what we could do, and carried us to France, and finally to America.

They gave us a new kind of food which we like pretty well, in the absence of our own dear mulberry leaves. We have lived in houses

so long that we have become like hot house plants that die if left out of doors."

"How strange," exclaimed Victor.

"Yes, and here is something stranger. After a while we shall get wings as you did, but shall never be able to fly with them."

"Why?"

"Because our great-great-grandfathers, when adopted by the Chinese emperor, were not allowed to use their wings for fear they would fly away, so their children from that time have forgotten how to use them."

"That is very sad!" exclaimed Victor. "Can you never learn again?"

"I never can, but if my children should be allowed to live in the open air, my grandchildren would then be strong enough to fly."

"How cruel men are to keep you shut up! But tell me about your life in this house."

"When I first crept out of the egg, as you saw my young friend do a few moments ago, I was as small as it is, and lay upon a table with thousands like myself. Presently, into the room came a pretty, young girl, who was glad to see us; she placed a coarse net over us, and put

leaves upon that, to tempt us to crawl upon them, which we soon did.

Then she shook us off upon a table, and gave us a great many leaves to eat, all nicely cut up, and very tender. At first we had eight meals a day. In a few days I became very pale. I fastened myself to a twig with silken threads, and went to sleep. When I awoke, I found myself with a new skin, and the old one was still hanging where I had left it. Three times since then I have changed my skin, and now I am about ready to spin my silken robe, which people call a cocoon—O dear, I feel very faint!”

Victor was very much troubled for his friend was very pale, and seemed to be in great pain. Then he lay quiet for some time, and one of the others said that he was dead.

Victor was much touched by this tragedy, and asked the fairy if many of them died in that way, and was told that they did. “It is a terrible disease that kills thousands of us. Now if you will wait a little while you will see us spin our cocoons.”

“Please tell me how you make silk?” Victor asked.

“Well, it is a long story. Some inquisitive men have examined our spinning machines, and I happened to see them,—it was interesting. We live, you know, upon leaves which contain the silk. After we get what nourishment we need from the leaves, by a magic which I cannot explain, we cast out the silk, which we store in little double tubes, where we keep it until we wish to use it. When it is time to spin the cocoons, we pass the thread through a little hole in our heads, and varnish it, which makes it water-proof and handsome.”

“Well, well!” said Victor thoughtfully, “and after your cocoon is spun, what do you do?”

“Some of us will be allowed to live and become dusty creatures with wings. But far the greater number of us are killed.”

“I shouldn’t care for such a fate.”

“Our life work is ended,” answered the fairy, meekly.

“What becomes of your lovely silken cocoons when you are dead?”

“They are soaked in water until they can be unwound. Then they are sent away to be made into silk, satin and velvet.

“If it were not for fairies like us, little boys could never wear black velvet suits.”

“Humph!” returned Victor, and he flew away without stopping to thank his friend for the story, for a boy in a velvet suit was trying to catch him with a silk butterfly net—and the boy looked very much like Victor.



THE WICKED HOUSE FAIRY.

Victor had now lived a great many lives, and with the exceptions of the times when he pricked the old man's hand, and ate his own brothers at the bottom of the pond, he had been harmless and docile. Now he was about to become a fairy that every one dislikes.

You remember that he was still a Winged Flower. In trying to escape from the boy with the butterfly net, he flew up and settled upon his father's stable.

There he decided that although he was so beautiful, his life was full of danger, and he would better make a change to a plainer form.

So he looked about for a new family that he might join, for he had learned that the air was filled with creatures more curious than any enchanted people that he had yet heard about.

His attention was attracted by a small, but very active fairy, that flew hither and thither. His appearance suited Victor who went up to him and asked, "do you have a good time?"

"Yes, we are the jolliest fairies on earth!"

“What do you do?”

“First, we live about stables, and tease horses and men who take care of them; then we fly into houses, bite people, eat their food and tickle them when they are asleep. They cover their windows with wire nets to keep us out; they spread sweetened poison for us to drink; they place sticky foot-falls and snares of every kind to catch us. Some perish, of course, but those who escape have the gayest lives that any one can imagine.”

“I’ll join you fellows,” Victor said, decidedly, as he and his friend settled upon the fence, together.

“You will have to go through a number of changes, as I did. First—”

“I know them all,” said Victor. “First an egg in a dark place, then a mean, crawling worm, then a long sleep, and at last the perfect creature that lives scarcely long enough to pay for the trouble. No, no! I’ve been through all that, and don’t care to try it again. *Please* make me like yourself without all that fiddle-dee-dee.”

“I dare not touch so magnificent a creature as you are,” House-Fairy returned, but I will

mesmerize you. Then if you are not just like me, you will imagine that you are."

"That will do quite as well," answered Victor. "Proceed."

So the House-Fairy looked very wise, and shook his fist in Victor's face, when lo! Victor's four beautiful wings fell off, and were replaced by a pair of transparent ones that looked like thin slivers of ice when the sun shines on them, and his body shrank until he was no larger than his little brown companion.

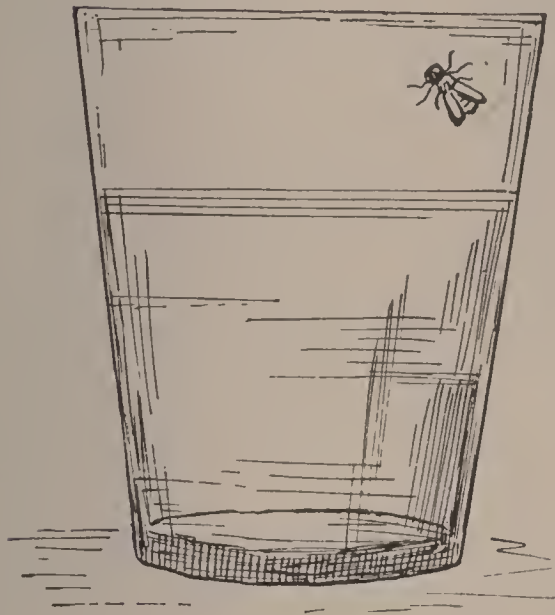
Then the two flew away to tease the poor horses who stamped their feet and lashed their tails. Then to the coachman, who lay upon a pile of sweet hay, soundly sleeping, with an empty tumbler beside him. He was snoring loudly with his mouth wide open, and Victor thought it would be great fun to awaken him. He crawled over his face, and choosing a spot, opened out his case of instruments, and began to tease the coachman. With his file he scraped his nose and chin, until the man suddenly closed his mouth with a loud snap.

Victor, terribly frightened, flew away. His companion was nowhere to be seen, and it was

some time before the man opened his mouth, and Victor saw his friend crawl out of the horrible cave where he had been buried.

The fairy flew to the edge of the tumbler from which the man had been drinking, and began to wipe his small, transparent wings, to dry them.

Victor followed, but his curiosity led him in-



side of the tumbler, and in the bottom he found some sweetened brandy which he began to sip.

"Won't you have some?" he called to his companion.

"Go away," said Victor's friend, as he came near; you're drunk!"

At this Victor became very angry, and like many men in the same condition, began to quarrel with his best friend, who thereupon flew at him, and bit him. The brandy, too, was beginning to make him ill, and it was some time before he could crawl to the open air for relief.

When he was better, he said to his friend, "I beg your pardon."

"It is granted," the other answered grandly, "and if you'll behave yourself, we'll go to the house."

"What house? I don't see any house."

"Then you have no eyes."

"I have as many eyes as other people."

"That is, you have—"

"When I'm Victor I have two, and you have only two yourself," he interrupted, tapping the two great brown knobs that almost covered his friend's head.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" the other laughed, "If you are not the most mistaken fairy that ever lived. Each one of my eyes is made of thousands of little eyes all joined in one."

"Then why don't we see everything a thousand times? There's a puzzle for you."

"When you are Victor with your two eyes, do you see everything double?" demanded his friend.

Victor was obliged to confess that he did not, and flew humbly along beside his companion, but he wished he were a dragon fairy once more,

with his friend between his jaws.

Before long they reached the house. They waited outside until somebody opened the wire door, when they darted in and flew to the sugar bowl which stood upon the tea table. Victor put out his tongue and filled the little cup which he had in the end of it, and began to eat the sugar of which he was very fond.

Who should come in at this moment but Victor's own mother. She had a newspaper in her hand, and with it tried to drive the two naughty fairies out of doors. How Victor wished that he could explain to her. But then it was very droll, too, that she did not know her own son.

The two flew away out of his mother's reach, and settled upon the wall.

"Run, Nellie, and bring the broom," she said to her little daughter. Nellie did so, and they began chasing Victor and his friend toward the door. They did not heed where they were going, so busy were they watching the fairies flying above them, and the mother tripped over Nellie, and down they both went.

This was too much for the good natured companions and in an instant Victor laughed out,

“Down you go, so, so, so!”

“Up we go, ho, ho!”

sang his friend, as the two alighted upon the ceiling, and began walking about.

“Here’s a queer thing,” said Victor.

“What is queer?” demanded his friend.

“That we can walk up side down, and not fall off! Explain it to me please.”

“Hold up your front foot. How many joints has it?”

“One, two, three, four, five,” Victor counted.

“What is that on the last joint?”

“A pair of claws, and a flat, soft pad, which is split in two, and has fine hairs on it.”

“There is a sticky fluid upon the hairs, and this, together with the air pressing against you as you walk upon the ceiling, keeps you from falling. Let us go now and spoil a few books for these people.”

Victor usually was very careful of his father’s books, but his nature seemed to have changed with his form, and he was bent upon mischief.

They were soon working away on some choice books with their file-like tongues, scraping off the polish, leaving them spotted and worn looking.

Then once more they flew to the tea table, and Victor fell into the cream jug.

“How shall I get out?” he screamed, for he expected his mother to come at any moment and scald him to death. O, what a death to die! In his mother’s own cream-jug!

“Try to swim to the edge of the jug,” his companion called to him.

Victor tried, but sank twice before he was finally able to drag himself out.

No sooner was he out of danger, however, than he was again in mischief. His father was asleep in a chair not far off—for it was a hot afternoon—and Victor alighted upon his face, and walked all over it, laughing at the trail of cream that he left upon it. It looked as if some one had drawn a map upon his face. But just as the map was finished his father awoke, and exclaimed, “I’ll kill a few of these nuisances!” He went into a little room, and returned with a small bellows, and with it filled the air with powder, so that the fairies found it very hard to breathe.

“We’ll die if we stay in here!” said Victor’s friend. So they crawled through a hole in the wire net that covered the window, and escaped.

When they were outside, Victor said, "We have done nothing but mischief this afternoon. Are you fairies good for anything?"

"Yes, we prevent much illness," the other answered, "because we eat the decayed matter that might cause it, if allowed to lie about and taint the air. The humblest creatures are of use to man in many ways."

THE SPINNER FAIRY.

At this moment the two heedlessly flew into a net that was stretched among the branches of a bush. So fine and transparant a web was it, they had not seen it. In shape it was somewhat like a wagon wheel, with the spokes connected by delicate threads.

In the center, where the hub of a real wheel would be, sat a fat, wicked fairy, glaring at our friends with her eight fierce eyes. Her head was about one-third as large as her whole body, and eight legs and arms grew upon it. The remainder of her body looked to Victor like a great ob-long ball.

The fairy sat still while Victor and his friend were struggling in her snare, but the more they tried to escape the faster they were held, until, quite tired out, they ceased struggling.

When they were quiet, the fat fairy left the center of her home, and running swiftly along one of the spokes—which bent but did not break under her weight—she reached Victor's companion. Biting him savagely, she poured some poison

which she carried in her jaw, into the wound, which soon killed the poor thing.

Then she started toward Victor, who was paralyzed with fear when he saw her coming. He expected nothing but death, but at the first touch of the fairy's jaws, instead of being killed, he was turned into a fairy like herself.

So surprised was she at this, that she tumbled—as Victor thought—to the ground, and he began to shake with laughter.

The fairy hearing this, recovered her courage and began to climb up the rope by which she had let herself down, instead of falling.

“Hello!” said Victor, who was now free from the net. “Who are you?”

“I am a Spinner Fairy,” said the other, who was yet so much afraid of Victor that she



sat upon the edge of the net, ready to drop to the ground at a moment's notice.

"A Spinner Fairy," repeated Victor, very slowly, as if he were a teacher examining a school boy. "You're related to all the other fairies around here, I suppose."

At this the Spinner Fairy became very angry. "You are greatly mistaken sir," she said. "We are the children of a woman who contended with a goddess herself in a grand spinning match. The goddess was so angry that she turned the woman into a fairy like ourselves. We belong to the proud Arachnida family."

"You look very much like the other fairies that I've been meeting lately," Victor said, teasingly.

"'Tis false," cried his hostess, quite forgetting her fear in excitement. "Did you ever see one of those common fairies with a body divided into only two parts? No indeed; every one of them has three parts in his body and only six legs and arms, while we have eight; besides which we have no disfiguring antennæ, or horns, upon our heads, with which we tap our friends or enemies, as the case may be. Then we build ourselves such fine silken homes."

“Where do you get your silk, I’d like to know. Out of your mouths, as my friends, the Winged Flowers, do?”

“You’re not very wise if you know no better than that.”

“Well, you needn’t tell me; I’ll soon find out for myself,” said Victor, beginning to look himself over. “Oh, I have found out the secret. Here are four little sacs at the end of the body that are full of holes smaller than the point of a cambric needle. Now I see many of the tinniest silk threads pass through these holes and twist into one. One alone, however, is so delicate that the finest hair is coarse compared to it. And this net that you spread to catch heedless people is your home also?”

“Yes,” said the fairy, shortly, for while Victor was learning how to spin, she had gone to his late companion, and was eating him. Victor was about to drive her away, but the spinner, having finished her meal, began to sing.

“A fairy built her home on high,
The bushes green among,
Aud there of cobwebs bright and gay
Her childrens’ hammock swung—”

"You sing horribly out of tune!" exclaimed Victor.

The fairy pretended not to hear him, and said "I spend a good deal of my time in the center of my home, but come with me and I will show you a place that I like even better."

She led the way to a little tunnel made of the same web. "In this I hide myself," she said, "ready to spring out upon unlucky insects walking by."

"What is that little brown ball?", Victor asked.

"It contains my children. I've about a hundred of them in that silk cradle, covered with blankets, that I spun myself. They stay there until they are big enough to get out."

"By-the-way, where is *Mr. Spinner Fairy*?"

"I killed him."

Victor was shocked. "And you ate him, too, no doubt!" he said.

"No, I didn't eat him, but he was of no use to me, the house was built; I had to catch food for myself and children, and did not propose to support him, too."

"Now," said Victor, "you are altogether the worst fairy I ever saw. You ate my friend; you

set traps for the innocent, and you own to have killed your own husband; so I'm going to punish you, by making you a subject for the College of Physicians and Surgeons."

Thereupon, he rushed at her, killed her, and dragged her body to a flat, smooth stone. "This will do for a table," he thought. He took up a rose leaf which an insect had rolled into the form of a trumpet, and blew a long, loud blast through it. Immediately he was surrounded by a class of fairies like himself, who took their places around the table.

Victor, who had put on spectacles, like any professor, then plucked a long blade of grass, and pointing, said: "This, gentlemen, is the head; these the eight eyes, the legs, and the abdomen. You see that Spinner Fairies differ from other fairies, in having lungs, which are little sacs situated upon the abdomen."

"Observe the duct where the web is spun. And"—just here the lesson was suddenly ended by a flock of blackbirds which swept down and carried off the whole class.

Professor Victor only saved his life by crawling under the table.

THE GREAT OWL WITH THE WHITE CROSS.

When Victor ventured to leave his hiding place, he found himself beneath a large cherry tree which he thought he had seen before, so he stopped a moment to remember where he was.

As he was looking about he saw a sight that frightened him so that he fell upon his back, and lay like one dead.

Unfortunately it was impossible for him to close his many eyes to keep out the horrid sight, so he gazed beyond it, up among the branches of the tree.

While he was staring thus, he heard a loud noise in the leaves, and a creature that looked to poor Victor like an enormous owl, settled upon one of the lower limbs of the tree, and looked in surprise at the Spinner lying with crossed legs, apparently lifeless.

Suddenly the new comer flew toward Victor, with such a deafening noise that he forgot his first fear, and jumped up.

But there was the frightful object, just as he had seen it at first, and again he fell over, while

the intruder continued to fly toward him with increasing noise.

“Ah, ha!” the latter exclaimed. “What’s the cause of this?” and he sat down near Victor, who noticed that the noise ceased when its wings were not in motion.

“Oh!” sobbed Victor, “can’t you *see* what is the matter? I only escaped being carried away by a lot of blackbirds, to be frightened to death by the ghost of a white horse. I almost wish the blackbirds had found me too.”

At the word ghost, the great owl (for such it seemed to Victor) crouched in the grass beside him, and glanced fearfully about.

This only made Victor the more afraid. But as the Great Owl did not see anything unusual about him, he said, “pooh, I’m not afraid. If there’s anything around here I’ll scare him away.” And again he began that deafening noise.

“Oh stop!” exclaimed Victor, “you’re worse than the ghost.”

“Well, really,” returned the Great Owl as he looked up and down, and all around him, “I don’t see anything to scare you, although I’ve more eyes than you have—a triangle of them in my

face, besides a few hundreds in each corner of my head."

"Then if you can see so well, look at the trunk of that cherry tree," said Victor, taking care not to look himself, "and tell me if that is not the ghost of a white horse clinging to it."

The Great Owl looked where Victor pointed; then laughed merrily.

Victor felt his courage return with his friend's laughter.

"If you are not afraid of me," the other continued, "you need not be afraid of that thing." Then with really owlish wisdom he began to lecture Victor:

"That ghost is about as much of a ghost as is ever seen—"

"Oh, well, what is that thing?" Victor interrupted, for he was beginning to tire of the lecture.

"That is my old coat that I left hanging on the tree, to dry."

"Your mackintosh that you wear in rainy weather, is it?"

"I used to wear it in all kinds of weather, but I'll never use it again."

“Why not?”

“Too small. You outgrow your coats yourself.”

Yes, then Mamma gives them to smaller boys who can't afford to buy them.”

“Well, I'll give you my old coat. Come and try it on.”

Victor was yet a little afraid, but he was ashamed to show it, and allowed the great owl to lead him up to his old coat.

This really was a thin, white, transparent skin, clinging with truly ghostly, hollow limbs, to the bark of the cherry tree, a foot or two above the ground.

“Try it on,” said the Great Owl.

Victor allowed himself to be hoisted into the hollow shell through the opening in the back, and before he knew what was happening to him, the Great Owl clapped the two edges together, and Victor found himself a prisoner in the coat.

Then his head and legs and body grew until the shell was a perfect fit.

But how changed was the spinner now!

He was no longer an Anachnida, for he now had but six legs, while his body was divided into

three parts instead of but two. And then no sooner did he find himself comfortably dressed in the Great Owl's coat, than he felt a strong desire to burrow in the ground.

So he crept down and worked his way underneath the loose earth, where he met several other people just like himself, with whom he began to talk.

"How do you happen to be here?" he asked



a restless fellow who seemed to be making his way toward the surface.

"I've always lived here," he answered, "but I'm not going to stay much longer."

"But how did you get here in the first place?"

"I came here as soon as I got out of the shell, to find food for myself. That was almost two years ago, and as I said, I don't propose to stay much longer."

“Oh I know!” Victor exclaimed, “after you came from the shell you were a wriggling little creature whom everybody disliked, and changed your dress every few days until you became like your present self.”

“You are mistaken,” his friend returned, coldly. “I was nothing of the kind. When the shell, which was my first home, was broken, and I stepped out, I was just as I am now, but smaller. To be sure, I’ve changed my coat several times, and every time I put on a new one I find myself larger.”

“The next dress that I have will be entirely different from any of these. I am now making my way up into the world where my new dress will be given me, and I shall be myself, the Great Owl with a White Cross.”

“Oh, please let me go with you!” Victor said coaxingly.

“No,” his friend returned, “You ought to stay in the ground two years, and you’ve scarcely been here two minutes.”

“Oh, I couldn’t stay two years. What would my mother do without me?”

“In order to get out of your present quarters

you must feel as I do, that you can't possibly endure the darkness another hour, that it will smother you, and nothing but the light of the sun will satisfy you."

"I feel just that way," Victor said eagerly.

"Then you may begin to climb higher."

So they started upon their journey. It was slow work, for they had to dig a path with their feet, as they went along.

"Two years is a long, long time to stay in the ground," Victor said, as they were making their way upward.

"Not so very long," his friend answered.

"Now if I had to stay in that dark place as long as my cousin does, I should indeed be discouraged."

"And how long does *he* stay underground?"

"Seventeen years."

"Seventeen years, why that is twice as many years as I have lived!" Victor exclaimed. "Do tell me all about it."

"Well, like me, as soon as he leaves the shell, my seventeen year cousin sinks into the ground, deeper and deeper, and fastens himself upon the roots of a tree or bush, and there he spends the

dreary years until at last the time comes for him to appear.

“Then he makes his way to the surface, and hiding under sticks and stones, waits until his brothers are ready to join him, when a host of them come out.

“If the weather is wet they remain just under the surface of the ground, and throw up little earthen homes that they live in until it becomes dryer, when they come out, throw off their old clothes, and live one brief summer.

“The children that they leave, go down into the ground, and men see nothing more of them for another seventeen years.

“Some cousins can only be persuaded to stay under ground thirteen years. Otherwise their life is just like that of their friends.

“But I think I see daylight ahead.”

It was true, and in a few minutes the two were painfully making their way up the tree.

They had not gone far when they paused, and once more Victor felt the joy of a prisoner about to be given his freedom.

The old husk burst, and after first carefully putting out his head, he drew out his body and

legs. Then he waited until his wings were dry, and he and his friends flew away to the highest branch of a tree.

Victor was surprised to find that when he began to fly, he began to sing also, and inquired of his friend about the song.

“We have two musical instruments at the end of our bodies,” the other replied, “we will call them bag-pipes, since, although our bodies are scarcely two inches long, we can make almost as loud music as a bag-pipe does, and to a trained ear, quite as sweet.”

“When we are in motion the air coming against these instruments, produces the song, which you may hear any sunny day in August. Damp weather chills us, and we won’t sing for anybody.”

“There is a man who seems to be looking for some one,” Victor said.

“Looking for us, no doubt, to treat us to benzine, and a seat on a pin in his cabinet.”

“Let us fly away and sit upon the branches among the leaves, where we will look so much like our friend the tree that he won’t be apt to see us.”

“I never thought before, how much like the trees the color of our bodies is.”

“Yes, Mother Nature sometimes dresses her children in clothes so nearly like the homes they occupy, that their enemies can scarcely see them, and thus they escape many dangers.”

“Do I look as much like an owl as you do?” Victor asked, thinking that all the Great Owls were given to lecturing, and just a bit tiresome.

“We are all just alike,” his friend returned, shortly.

“Then my face looks as if it had been flattened out until, if it were round instead of triangular, it would be almost like an owl’s face.

“My old shell had no wings—I couldn’t use them in the ground anyway—but now I have a pair of beautiful ones, shielded by covers that look so much like the real articles that they are often mistaken for them, and then my voice is so musical that although it is situated upon my body instead of in my throat, I enjoy using it.”

Here Victor paused. His friend said nothing, but looked wise. Victor fidgeted, and then added:

“And if you couldn’t tell by all those signs

that I am a Great Owl, you'd know it by this long lecture. Ha, ha!

Ha, ha! Ha, Ha! echoed the other.

"Well what are you laughing about?" Victor demanded.

"You left out one of the most important things about yourself, in your wonderful lecture. The thing that gives us part of our name."

"Oh you mean the large white cross that I wear on my breast."

"Yes, and if you will give me a chance to talk, I'll tell you about it."

"You can talk all the rest of the afternoon," Victor returned, "for I'm tired of being so high up in the air. Besides, I see another fairy down below, so good by," and away he flew, down, down into the grass where a little fellow was singing a cheery song.

THE ACROBAT.

“Ahem!” said Victor as he drew near the singer.

The little creature made no reply, but kept on with his song.

“Ahem!” repeated Victor, and as the other still paid no attention to him, he began to move his wings briskly and started a song of his own, that was so loud and shrill the other’s voice could not be heard at all.

Then the little singer although he pretended not to hear, performed a most astonishing feat. With a single movement, he leaped into the air and settled a long distance from his starting point.

Victor looked after him in amazement, then flew to him.

“Please tell me how you did *that*!” he exclaimed, “I never saw anybody who could jump ever so many times the length of his own body before. Did you ever belong to a circus?”

The other laughed. “Why do you ask?”

“I thought you must be a regular acrobat to jump like that through the air.”

“No, I’m a very common fairy indeed. I never had the least training as an acrobat. It is natural for me and all my relations to hop. That’s what we are, hoppers, not jumpers. Some of us hop in the trees and some in the grass.

“Would you mind telling me about you life?” Victor asked.

“There is not a great deal to tell. First there are the eggs which are placed in the ground. Then these open and tiny wingless hoppers jump about in the grass. After these have changed their dresses several times and grown larger with each change, they are given wings and can fly as well as hop.”

While the Acrobat talked, the Great Owl hid in the grass where he lay peeping out at his new friend, at the same time laughing at him.

Of all the fairies that Victor had seen, this one was the quaintest and most grotesque.

His head was shaped not unlike the head of a horse, but of course it was very, very small. He had no ears on his head but horns or antennæ longer than his whole body.

If he had any neck, it was entirely covered

by a kind of saddle that was fastened to his head and extended over part of his body. The latter, long and round, was almost hidden by the wing covers, beneath which the true wings were folded. The Acrobat himself was less than two inches in length.

“Please hop for me again,” Victor said, when



the Acrobat had finished his story. “I should like to learn to hop myself.”

“With pleasure,” his friend returned, and grasping a blade of grass with his hind feet, he straightened out his hind legs, propelling himself into the air a great distance.

Then Victor was guilty of a very grave offense against the etiquette of the Great Owl fairies. Lying down in the grass he laughed and rolled about until his sides ached.

His friend was greatly offended. "I shall do nothing more to please you," he said.

"I beg your pardon," Victor returned. "I did not wish to hurt your feelings, but of all the fairies that I've met, I never yet saw one with elbows in his legs, that opened and closed like jack-knives."

The Acrobat made no answer.

"I beg your pardon," Victor repeated.

"I heard you."

Victor arose from his place in the grass and stared into his friend's face so long and earnestly that the latter became uneasy and asked. "At what are you looking?"

"You said that you *heard me*. I'm looking for your ears, I don't see any."

Now if the Acrobat had been as rude as Victor, he would have laughed this time, but he only said, courteously, "You are looking in the wrong place for my ears, they are not on my head."

"Where are they?"

"On the base of the abdomen."

Victor gazed at his friend in astonishment.

"My cousin, the Acrobat continued," has his ears on his forelegs.

“How queer!” Victor exclaimed, “but did you know that I have bagpipes on my body?”

“Oh yes, that is an old story to me! I’ve lived among your people, you know. I have a violin and bow on my own body.”

“Where?”

“My right wing cover has a little round membrane stretched over a ring. My left wing cover has a rough edge, and when I feel musically inclined I draw this which is the bow over the violin on my right side, and that makes the music with which I serenade my lady love at night.”

“Is it your violin that I hear at night?”

“It may be mine, or it may be my cousin’s.” I have a cousin often mistaken for my twin-brother, who can produce a song by rubbing his rough legs against his wing covers.

“You seem to have plenty of cousins.”

“Yes, there are naturally many branches to a family as old as ours.”

“How old is your family?”

“We must be as old as the hills, for we have been found in stones that are taken out of the hills.”

“Is it another cousin that sings Kree, Kree, Kree! on your hearthstone on summer evenings?”

“Yes, and still another one sings in the tree tops at night. He predicts the weather so people say. We are all musical and if you will wait a moment, I will get all my cousins together, and let you hear the orchestra play,” and the Acrobat went in search of the musicians.

MR. GREEN LACE WING OR KATY'S LOVER.

When the Acrobat returned, Victor was no where in sight, for he had seen Mr. Green Lace Wing, one of Acrobat's cousins, and had flown to him.

Few people would have been able to see this pale green creature trying to hide among the leaves—he was bashful—but Victor's eyes, unlike those of the feathered owl, were very keen.

Night was approaching, and Green Lace Wing's own particular friend the moon was sending her beams down, to encourage her admirers to sing their love songs. That was the reason he was about and Victor happened to see him when he did. As soon as he saw him, Victor wished to become better acquainted.

Victor sat down upon the branch of the hedge where a slate colored ball was hanging. While he watched it, the ball slowly opened, and out stepped a pretty delicate little creature, smaller than Mr. Green Lace Wing but very much like him.

Victor would never have suspected that he

was of the same family, for there was not a wing about him that he could see. As he came from the egg—that was what the ball really was—he cast off his first suit of clothes, and left them hanging upon the branch.

The little fellow had no sooner gained the use of his legs than he ran away and hid in a crevice so small that Victor was unable to enter it.

He was sorry to lose his little friend, but in a moment he found another Lace Wing, older than the one who ran away and began to talk to him.

“What are you going to do?” he asked as the new acquaintance climbed upon a forked branch and grasped it very firmly.

“I’ve changed my clothes four times and now I am about to have my fifth suit given me, when I shall be a grown up Lace Wing.

While he was yet talking, an opening appeared in the back of his head, that gradually increased in size.

With his palpi, the fringe like hairs about his mouth, he pushed the old covering off his head and pulled out his antennæ in great loops.

After he had rested a moment, he clasped yet more closely, with his middle and hind feet, the branch beneath him, and gently drew out his forefeet. After that it was not much work to get the rest of his body out.

But alas ! although he was given a pair of wings with his new garments, he found them so soft as to be useless, and they hung at his sides, like bits of wet lace.

He was almost discouraged, but while he sat sighing the brilliant sunshine dried the wings and drew them into place. The outer wings now looked like dainty leaves. Beneath these was a pair of transparent, membraneous wings, exquisitely veined, and folded like tiny fans.

“I’ll sing you a few notes of my song,” he said to Victor, so that I may see if my wings are all right, although it is too early in the day to begin the evening concert.

With that he opened his wing covers with a sudden jerk, and gradually closing them produced a song, similar to one that Victor often heard on August nights when the moonbeams playing upon his eyelids drove slumber away.

“Thank you,” Victor said, when the song

was finished, I shall listen for you to-night, and he flew back to Mr. Green Lace Wing.

“Is that the way you spent your childhood?” he asked him.

“Yes.”

“I’m very glad I know,” now please tell me



the legend that you promised me, I feel just like hearing a story.

“Well you must know then, that a great many years ago, the voices of all the Lace Wings were exactly alike, and all sang the same song, until one of my grandfathers away back, changed his song and made all his brothers change theirs, to celebrate the greatest event in his life.”

“Grandfather Lace Wing was as happy as

any body could be, until there appeared in his family a beautiful young creature named Katy."

"Then the brothers fell to quarrelling over who should possess Katy's affections. None of them, however, loved her as great grandfather did. But the more he thought of her, the less she seemed to care for him. He was in despair and pined away until he was but a shadow of his former bright self. At last, one evening, he heard Katy complaining because all of her lovers sang the same song, and sighing for a new one. Here was a way out of his trouble. He determined to compose a new air, and when it was ready, he invited her to listen to it, promising that if it pleased her, his whole family should sing of her ever more."

This is the song:

"Oh Katy dear ! the night shines clear,
The moonbeams hover over,
The August breeze just stirs the leaves
And wafts the scent of clover.

"Oh Katy dear ! can you not hear
The happy insect lovers ?
Their tiny bells ring from the dells
And from the leafy covers.

“ Oh Katy dear ! if me you’ll hear
And on my suit have pity,
Then ope your wing, one faint note sing
In answer to my ditty.”

“ And did Katy answer ? ” Victor asked as
Green Lace Wing paused.

“ Katy did ! ”

THE DIGGER FAIRIES.

It was getting late in the afternoon before Victor decided to return home. He flew down to the ground and was walking along in a slow, dignified manner, as Great Owl Fairies do, when he was stopped by a ball as large as a hickory nut rolling across his path. It fell into a little hollow directly in front of him and there remained.

“Lend a hand!” cried a voice.

“Wait a moment,” said Victor, and he immediately changed into a fairy like this one, for he was now able to change himself.

The two then threw themselves against the ball, and, pushing with all their strength were able to move it forward.

“What have you there?” Victor asked, as the other began to move away, rolling the ball before her.

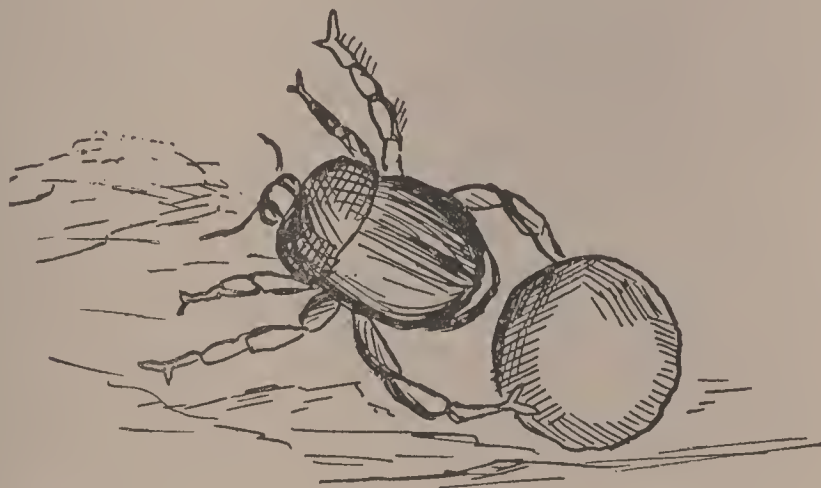
“My children.”

“You don’t mean to tell me that your children are larger than you are?”

“No, of course not.” I’ve wrapped them up in this ball of earth. My friends and I shall bury

them in the ground, and when they are big enough to eat, they will find their food all about them.

Some of my cousins don't provide so well for their children, but leave them in the ground to shift for themselves, and being mischievous little rogues, they spend their time cutting off the roots of farmers' plants, leaving the tops to die.



At that moment Victor felt himself lifted up by a powerful pair of jaws, and thrown to one side, while a creature that looked as large as a stag to him—although he was but two inches long—went lumbering by. He was of a dark brown color, smooth and shining, and on his head was an enormous pair of antlers.

Victor shuddered as he thought how he might have been hurt, had the terrible creature tossed him with those antlers.

“What was that?” he whispered, as soon as it was out of hearing.

“That was one of my cousins. We are all a little afraid of him, he is so large and ugly tempered.”

“Have you many relations?” Victor asked.

“Indeed I have; there are thousands of us engaged in every kind of business. Some of us give such a beautiful phosphorescent light that we serve for lanterns on dark summer nights. One branch of the family spend their time digging holes in the ground, in which they bury birds, mice and other small animals.”

“Where shall I find these fairies?” Victor interrupted, “I’ve been almost every kind of a fairy, but never a Digger Fairy, and I’d like to join them.”

Just at that moment a hawk flying over head dropped a little bird at their feet.

“Sit down by that bird,” said the new friend, “and you will soon see them coming.”

Victor did so, and in a few moments a whole company of little brown fellows arrived.

“They look like bugs,” he said.

“They are not bugs. Did you ever see a *bug* carry his wings in a hard case as we do?”

“No,” said Victor, I never did. Goodby, I’ll join these fellows. He made a slight change in his figure and became like the Diggers, whom he joined around the dead bird.

“They were shaking their heads dismally.” We can never do it, they sighed.

“Do what?” asked Victor.

“Bury it here, where the ground is so hard, we shall have to move him, and that will be hard work,” drawled a lazy fellow, who talked to Victor instead of helping his friends. Meanwhile the Diggers were busy tearing up the ground with their strong claws, and soon they had quite a hole dug. Then they drew the bird into it and covered it with earth. No sooner was this accomplished than one of their number found a dead humming bird. The poor little creature lay upon his back, his pretty feathers all ruffled.

His soft bed was easily dug away, and without disturbing him the Diggers hollowed it out, letting him sink gradually into his grave. This, Victor thought, was a very pretty burial for so

lovely a creature. When the hollow was filled, the last bit was a piece of moss which Victor himself placed upon it.

“Do you bury many animals?” he asked.

“Yes, we bury snakes, rats and other things, that is why so few of these animals are found lying about.”

“You are very kind to save people the trouble of doing it.”



“Yes and by burying these creatures, we have something for ourselves and children to live upon.”

Victor was quiet a moment, then he said, as he sat down and clasped his hands around his knees—for he suddenly found himself a boy again. “You people are about as queer as any I’ve seen in Fairyland to-day.”

“Fairyland !” echoed the Digger, resting upon his shovel, which really was his hands—“You hav’nt been off your own grounds this afternoon !”

“Why ! this *is* our oak tree, and our lawn, and our gravel walk, but I’m sure I never saw any such fairies here, before !”

“O, yes you have, but *you* called us *bugs* ! You’ve trampled upon us, and thrown the balls containing my cousin’s children into the lake instead of opening them, to see how ingeniously she provided food for them.

“Did you ever think when robbing my cousins, the fire-flies, of their beautiful light, how they seem to reflect the stars, on summer nights ? Although you are fond enough of the honey which Brown Jacket stores away for you, you are much afraid of the dagger he carries.

“Yellow Plush, too, you know only to fear. But a closer acquaintance with him would show you the busy gossip, gathering golden life secrets from the hearts of purple clovers, only to scatter them about. Did you ever follow an ant into his home, and find the queen, who is the real old woman who has so many children she doesn’t know what to do ?”

“Flies, mosquitoes and spiders—what are they good for?” Victor interrupted, “or cicadas, or grasshoppers either?”

The Digger paid no attention, but continued.

“As for the Winged Flowers and Dragons, you seem to care for them only to transfix them with pins, instead of allowing them to beautify the air. Silk fairies are not so interesting, since men have tamed them until they have lost their instincts, but they’re good fellows worth knowing.”

Again Victor was quiet, thinking, then he said, “I’ll never wish to go to Fairyland again, since I know that there are stranger fairies, right here, at home, than there!”

“And never be cruel to an insect again for fear you may injure your own good fairy,” the Digger added, as he took the form of a June-bug and flew away toward the house where the lights were beginning to twinkle in the windows.



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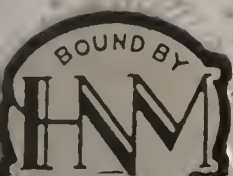
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